





















# APOLLO THEATRE

Matinee Daily 2:30.

Evening 7:30 and 9:00

## ATTENTION FRIDAY EVENING--ONE NIGHT ONLY

25 Professional Actors—now Soldiers at Camp Grant will give patriotic vaudeville selections at the Apollo Theatre Friday Night.

The proceeds of the performance to be give for the purchase of equipment for the boys overseas.

The manager recommends these soldier-actors as very high class talent and urges his patrons to attend for the benefit of this patriotic cause.

**DO ALL YOU CAN FOR THE BOYS**  
ALL SEATS 35c

Notice the regular vaudeville program will not be shown Friday night on account of the above attraction.

### News Notes from Movieland

BY DAISY DEAN



Eileen Percy.

With the news that Eileen Percy is to be seen in the future as leading woman with Bert Lytell in "Making Good" comes a press notice which tells us what Eileen thinks of jazz music. Miss Percy you will remember was leading woman for Douglas Fairbanks in several of his pictures. In fact she played in what we consider one of Douglas' best pictures, "Down to Earth."

Notwithstanding the fact that Miss Percy was a Ziegfeld "Polish" girl before she entered pictures she absolutely refuses to take any more of the kind.

"And jazz," says Miss Percy with a decided tone of scorn, "should not even be spoken in the same breath with music."

Think of it, this from a girl who danced on the boards of the Ziegfeld Follies for several years before she came to the screen.

Miss Percy is devoted to classical music and claims that it "inspires her."

When Miss Percy is missed from a "set" on the studio stage she can invariably be found close to the phonograph or the piano, and many a picture has been "shot" some wedding scene in "Christ Episcopal church in Los Angeles and every once in a while the little leading lady would slip away to a quiet nook in the organ loft to indulge in real music.

It is a safe guess, however, that Robert Lyell will not be dancing with her little "Polish" girl who is so much of the time to be seen with her, who wouldn't?

Hamilton vs. Royalty. The grand picture of a start-up presented him by King George before whom he appeared in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at Windsor Castle.

He also appeared before the king's mother.

"I'd like to again," says Hale, "with a bayonet in one hand and a bomb in the other."

When someone asked Enrico "Was he unconscious?"

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### BEVERLY

Today and Tomorrow  
**MARY PICKFORD**  
(America's Sweetheart)

"How Could You Jean?"

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd. Scenario by Frances Marion. Directed by William D. Taylor.

An "ARTIST" Picture. See Little Mary, the Queen of the Screen, in her most amusing role, that of a Swedish Servant Girl who cooks her way into the heart of a dyspeptic millionaire.

BURTON HOLMES TRAVELS

Matinee, all seats, 15c. Evening, 15c and 20c.

THURSDAY

Peggy Pearce

The Golden Fleece

From Saturday Evening Post Story by Fred Anderson.

ALSO

ANIMATED WEEKLY

### MAJESTIC

TODAY ONLY  
**CARMEL MYERS**

IN THE  
**DREAM LADY**

A Superb Dramatization of Margaret Widdemer's Celebrated Novel

WHY NOT?

COMING, SEPT. 28.

The Brass Bullet

America's Foremost Serial.

### STORES MUST NOT HIRE EXTRA HELP FOR XMAS SEASON

National Council of Defense Also Advises People to Buy Only Useful Christmas Gifts and to "Shop Early."

On July 29, the Chamber of Commerce protested through the Chamber of Commerce of the United States to the National Council of Defense concerning the order made by the Council against the purchase of holiday gifts, because of the great loss resulting to business houses if such an order were made effective.

Yesterday the following communication from the Chamber of Commerce of the United States was received at the office of the local Chamber showing the protest was effective, and after taking the matter under advisement the National Council has issued a new statement in respect to its position about holiday buying, incorporating the suggestions which were submitted and that such of the stores. The council's statement is as follows:

Council's New Statement. "The Council of National Defense has heretofore emphasized the necessity of conserving Christmas buying during the coming fall for certain specific reasons which it has stated. These reasons are in brief the necessity for saving labor and material in the manufacture and sale of Christmas gifts and of saving the transportation and delivery facilities necessarily involved in the large volume of Christmas purchases.

The retail interests represented at the conference have agreed to increase their working force by reason of the holiday business over the average force employed by them throughout the year and not to increase the normal working hours of their force during the Christmas season. They also agreed to use their utmost efforts to confine Christmas giving, except for young children, to useful articles and to spread the period for holiday purchases over the months of October, November and December. In order to relieve the transportation facilities of the country from a congestion in the latter half of December which would be so harmful to the interests of the nation that it cannot be permitted, the retail interests represented at this hearing have agreed to co-operate further in the campaign heretofore and now being carried on under the auspices of the War Industries Board to restrict deliveries and to induce their customers to carry their own packages where ever possible.

"The retail interests to which reference has been made have further agreed to make an announcement to the above substantial effect in their advertisements commencing in early September and repeating same weekly thereafter. The above suggestions if faithfully and loyally put into effect throughout the country will make possible a continuance of the holiday custom without endangering the national interests thereby.

"The Council of National Defense will co-operate in carrying out the suggested measures. It looks to organized business bodies of every nature and throughout the country actively to join in the movement as providing means whereby that co-operation between the government and the people can be had which alone will permit the continuance of holiday business in such form, on such scale, and by such methods as are consistent with the national welfare. This announcement is definitely conditioned upon loyal and thorough co-operation in spirit and in letter on the part of sellers and buyers throughout the country."

Worth a Great Deal. About all the good it does a man to pay his bills right off the reel is to convince the honest tradesman that he has no more social position than a rabbit, but that is worth something. —Columbus (O.) Journal.

Point of Similarity. "And how do you like married life, Jerry?" Shortstop Newtlywed—"Well, Jake, she's just like an umpire. She never thinks I'm safe when I'm out!" —Puck.

AND HE DID

PHEW-IT'S HOT! I MUST FIND A PLACE WHERE THERE IS A LITTLE SHADE!

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

AND HE DID

### APOLLO

Matinee daily 2:30. Evening 7:30 and 9:00.

TONIGHT and TOMORROW

EXTRA! EXTRA!

The manager of the Apollo Theatre takes great pleasure in presenting you an extraordinary production.

## "For the Freedom of the World"

—IN—

8—PARTS—8

WITH AN ALL STAR CAST.

It is a picture that will please everyone and we recommend it very highly.

ADMISSION—Matinee and night: Children, 15c; adults, 25c.

ABE MARTIN



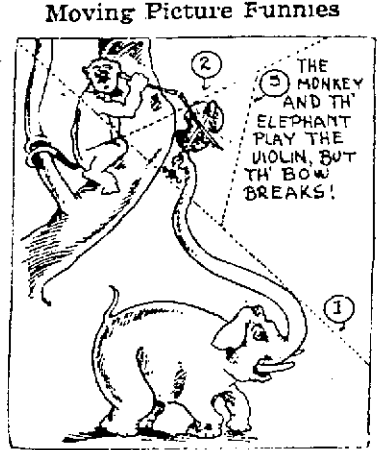
Mrs. Thirford Moots is still usin' th' same plow she went t' housekeepin' with. Another funny thing about th' war is that th' feller that used t' look fer a position now looks for a job.

Read the want ads.

Mrs. Hep's Sayings.

"Once I knew uv a man that was reformed through marriage," observed Mrs. Jonathan Hep as she put her preserves up, "but she kilt him doin' it."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Moving Picture Funnies



Cut out the picture on all four sides. Then carefully fold dotted line 1 its entire length. Then dotted line 2, and so on. Fold each section underneath carefully. When completed turn over and you'll find a surprising result.

Read the want ads.

# REGISTER!

## And Give Janesville 100 Per Cent Record

Can you face that silent question in every eye—"Did you Register?"

On the street, at the theatre, everywhere—that silent question—"Did you Register?"

You will have to live with yourself through the years to come.

Register!

Which will you feel when this war is over—pride or shame?

Register!

Make your family proud of you—not ashamed of you. Register!

Your country calls. There must be no man so careless, so base as to fail to register.

This is the roll call of America's sons. Let no man fail to respond. Register!

How will you square yourself with your wife—your children—your conscience—if you do not register?

Help to swell the registry list—its length is going to strike terror to the Kaiser's soul. Register.

The man next door says he's glad he has a chance at last to show the Kaiser which side he is on. He's going to register early.

If you don't register for Uncle Sam you are registering for the Kaiser. You can't stay on the fence—it's barbed wire.

On Thursday next, September 12, every man from 18 to 45 years of age, both inclusive, must register for the Selective Service, unless he has already done so.

13,000,000 men will enroll on that day. From them will be selected the men needed to bring our army up to 5,000,000 effective.

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED TO THE WINNING OF THE WAR BY

JANESVILLE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

### Just Folks

By Edgar A. Guest.

SAFE SERVICE.

Safe service should be nobly done.

When some there are go forth to die.

To keep the flag of freedom high:

When youth will stand beside a gun.

Through bitter hours without complaint.

Bear thirst and hunger with a smile.

With grim death ushering every aisle.

Breathing an air that poisons faint.

How great the shame of him who fails.

In duty where no foe assaults.

It is an easy thing to stand

Where never shrieking shell is heard.

And kindly is the spoken word.

Where little children, hand in hand,

Ramp out of doors and women fair

Welcome the toilers home at night.

To gentle scenes where eyes are bright.

And faces are not seared by care;

Of him but little life has been asked.

However much his strength is tasked.

Safe services should be gladly given.

Secure from death's destroying

shell.

A man should do his duty well;

It is his task he must be driven.

He has disgraced the youth who

gives

Undaunted to the danger zone

And keeps his bitter post alone.

And battles with his country's foes.

Little of men, safe service asks.

Compared to danger's cruel tasks.

Avoid This.

We often discard the wrong cards, and sometimes it happens that way with friendships.—Kansas City Journal.

Seems To.

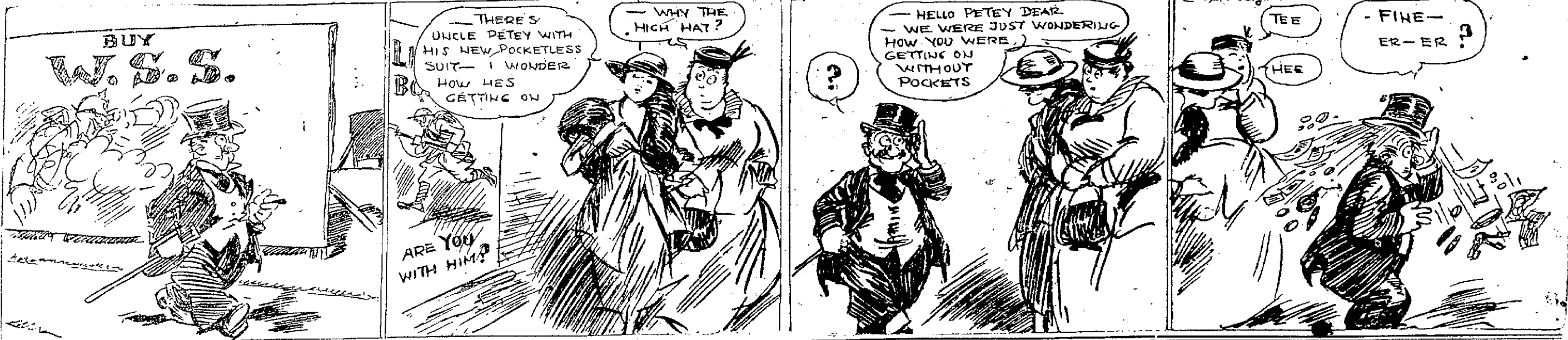
Food for thought only gives some people mental indigestion.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bar gains in most everything are listed in the classified columns.





PETEY DINK—PETEY OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN A QUAKER.



## Carolyn of the Corners

By  
RUTH BELMORE  
AND COTT

Therefore General Delivery charged with outspread wings and quivering



He Charged the Little Girl Instead of the Roistering Dog.

can. His eyesight was not good, however. He charged the little girl instead of the roistering dog.

Carolyn May frankly screamed. Had the angry turkey roared the little girl he would have beaten her down and perhaps seriously injured her.

He missed her the first time, but turned to charge again. Prince barked loudly, circling around the bristling turkey cock, undecided just how to get into the battle. But Aunt Rose knew no fear of anything wearing feathers.

"Sant, you brute," she cried, and made a grab for the turkey, gripping him with her left hand behind his head, bearing his long neck downward. In her other hand she seized a piece of lard and with it chastised the big turkey across the haunches with vigor.

"Oh, don't spank him any more, Aunt Rose," gasped Carolyn May at last. "He must be sorry."

With a final stroke Aunt Rose allowed the big fowl to go—and he ran away fast enough.

"Your dog, child, does not know his manners. If he is going to stay here with you he must learn that fowl are not to be chased nor startled."

"Oh, Aunt Rose!" begged the little girl. "Don't punish Prince! Not—not that way. Please don't! Why, he's never been spanked in his life! He wouldn't know what it meant. Dear Aunt Rose!"

"I shall not beat him, Carolyn May," interrupted Aunt Rose. "But he must learn his lesson. He must learn that liberty is not license. Bring him here, Carolyn May."

She led the way to an open coop of laths in the middle of the back yard. This was a hutch in which she put

groovy hens when she wished to break up their desire to set. She opened the gate of it and motioned Prince to enter.

The dog looked pleadingly at his little mistress' face, then into the woman's stern countenance. Seeing no reproof in either, with drooping tail he stalked into the cage.

With one hand clutching her frock over her heart, Carolyn May's big blue eyes overflowed.

"It's just as if he was arrested," she said. "Poor Prince! Has he got to stay there always, Aunt Rose?"

"He'll stay till he learns his lesson," said Mrs. Kennedy grimly, and went on into the garden.

Carolyn May sat down close to the side of the cage, thrust one hand between the slats and held one of the dog's front paws. She had hoped to go into the garden to help Aunt Rose pick peas, but she could not bear to leave Prince alone.

By and by Mrs. Kennedy came up from the garden, her pan heaped with pods. She looked neither in the direction of the prisoner nor at his little mistress.

Prince whined and lay down. He had begun to realize now that this was no play at all, but punishment. He blinked his eyes at Carolyn May and looked as sorry as even a dog with cropped ears and an abbreviated tail could look.

The peas and potatoes were cooking for dinner when Aunt Rose appeared again. There was the little girl, all of a dewy sleep, lying on the grass by the prison pen. Aunt Rose would have released Prince, but though he wagged his stump of a tail at her and yawned and blinked, she had still her doubts regarding a mongrel's good nature.

She could not allow the child to sleep there, however; so, stooping, picked up Carolyn May and carried her comfortably into the house, laying her down on the sitting-room couch to have her nap out—as she supposed, without awakening her.

Aunt Rose came away softly and closed the door and while she finished getting dinner she tried to make no noise which would awaken the child.

Mr. Stagg came home at noon, quite as full of business as usual. To tell the truth, Mr. Stagg always felt bashful in Aunt Rose's presence; and he tried to hide his affliction by conversation. So he talked steadily through the meal.

But somewhere—about at the pie course, it was—he stopped and looked around curiously.

"Bless me!" he exclaimed, "where's Hannah's Carolyn?"

"Taking a nap," said Aunt Rose composedly.

"Hum! Can't the child get up to her vittuals?" demanded Mr. Stagg. "You begin serving that young one separately and you'll make yourself work, Aunt Rose."

"Never trouble about that which doesn't concern you, Joseph Stagg," responded his housekeeper rather tartly. "The Lord has placed the care of Hannah's Carolyn on you and me and I'll do my share and do it proper."

Mr. Stagg shook his head and lost interest in his wedge of berry pie. "There are institutions—" he began weakly; but Aunt Rose said quickly:

"Joseph Stagg! I know you for what you are—other people don't. If the neighbors heard you say that they'd think you were a heathen. Your own sister's child!"

"Now, you said Tim, the backman, up after me this afternoon. I've got to go shopping. The child hasn't a thing to wear but that fancy little black frock, and she'll ruin that playing around. She's got to have frocks and shoes and another hat—all sorts of things. Seems a shame to dress a child like her in black—it's punishment. Makes her affliction double," he said.

"Well, I suppose we've got to flatter Custom or Custom will weep," growled Mr. Stagg. "But where the money's coming from—"

"Didn't Carolyn's pa leave her none?" asked Aunt Rose promptly.

"Well—not what you'd call a fortune," admitted Mr. Stagg slowly.

"Thanks be you've got plenty, then. And if you haven't I have," said the woman in a tone that quite closed the question of finances.

"Which shows me just where I got off at," muttered Joseph Stagg as he started down the walk for the store. "I knew that young one would be a nuisance."

Carolyn May, who was quite used to taking a nap on the days that she did not go to school, woke up, as bright as a newly minted dollar, very soon after her Uncle Joe left for the store.

"I'm awfully sorry I missed him," she cooed to Aunt Rose when she descended into the kitchen. "You see, I want to get acquainted with Uncle Joe just as fast as possible. And he's at home so little I guess that it's going to be hard to do it."

"Oh, is that so? And is it going to be hard to get acquainted with me?" asked the housekeeper curiously.

"Oh, no!" cried Carolyn May, sauging up to the good woman and patting her plump bare arm. "Why, I'm getting acquainted with you fast, Aunt Rose! You heard me say my prayers and when you laid me down on the couch just now you kissed me."

Aunt Rose actually blushed. "There, there, child," she exclaimed. "You're too nothing. But your dinner, that I've saved warm for you."

"Isn't Prince to have any dinner, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl.

"You may let him out, if you wish, after you have had your dinner. You can feed him under the tree."

Carolyn May was very much excited about an hour later when a rusty closed back drew up to the front gate of the Stagg place and stopped.

An old man with a square-cut chin whisker and clothing and hat as rusty as the back itself held the reins over the bony back of the horse that drew the ancient equipage.

"I say, young'un, ain't you out o' yer bullwhisk?" queried Tim, the backman, staring at the little girl in the Stagg yard.

"Carolyn May stood up quickly and tried to look over her shoulder and down her back. It was hard to get all those buttons buttoned straight."

"I don't know," she said, perturbed. "Does it show?"

"Fuh!" grunted Tim. "Does what show?"

"What you said," said Carolyn May accusingly. "I don't believe it does."

"Hey!" chuckled the back driver suddenly. "I meant, do you know Mrs. Kennedy knows you're playing in her front yard?"

"Aunt Rose?" Why, of course!" Carolyn May declared. "Don't you know I live here?"

"Live here? Get out!" exclaimed the surprised backman.

"Yes, sir. And Prince too. With my Uncle Joe and Aunt Rose."

"Pitcher of George Washington!" ejaculated Tim. "You don't mean Joe Stagg's taken a young'un to board?"

"He's my guardian," said the little girl primly.

Aunt Rose appeared. She wore a close bonnet, trimmed very plainly, and carried a parasol of drab silk.

Aunt Rose climbed into the creaky old vehicle.

"Are you going to be gone long?" asked Carolyn May politely.

"Not more than two hours, child," said the housekeeper. "Nobody will bother you here—"

"Not while that dog's with her. I reckon," put in Tim, the backman.

"May I come down the road to meet you, Aunt Rose?" asked the little girl. "I know the way to Uncle Joe's store."

"I don't know any reason why you can't come to meet me," replied Mrs. Kennedy. "Anyway, you can come along the road as far as the first house. You know that one?"

"Yes, ma'am. Mr. Parlow's," said Carolyn May.

Carolyn May went back into the yard and sat on the front-porch steps and Prince, yawning unhappily, curled down at her feet. There did not seem to be much to do at this place.

She had time now, had Carolyn May, to compare The Corners with the busy Harlem streets with which she had been familiar all her life.

"Goodness me!" thought Carolyn May, startled by her own imagination, "suppose all the folks in all these houses around here were dead!"

They might have been for all the human noises she heard.

"Goodness me!" she said again, and this time she jumped up, starting Prince from his nap. "Maybe there is a spell cast over all this place," she went on. "Let's go and see if we can find somebody that's alive."

They went out of the yard together and took the dusty road toward the town.

They soon came in sight of the Parlow house and carpenter shop.

"We can't go beyond that," said Carolyn May. "Aunt Rose told us not to. And Uncle Joe says the carpenter-man isn't a pleasant man."

She looked wistfully at the premises. The cottage seemed quite as much under the "spell" as had been

Advertisement.

**Talk of High Cost of Medicine**

"Although I paid only \$2.00 for 2 bottles of May's Wonderful Remedy I wouldn't take \$100 for what 2 doses have done for me. My partner also has taken a dose with wonderful results. He was threatened with an operation for stomach and bowel trouble and is sure he will be all right now. We both suffered from indigestion and bloating with gas. It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded. J. P. Baker, and druggists everywhere.

those dwellings at the Corners. But from the shop came the sound of a plume shrieking over a long board.

"Oh, Prince!" gasped Carolyn May. "I believe he's making long, curly shavings!"

If there was one thing Carolyn May adored it was curls.

Suddenly Mr. Jeddiah Parlow looked up and saw the wistful, dust-streaked face under the black hat brim and above the black frock. He stared at her for fully a minute, poised the plane over his work. Then he put it down and came to the door of the shop.

"You're Hannah Stagg's little girl, aren't you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said, and sighed. Dear me, he knew who she was right away! There would not be any chance of her getting a suit of long curls.

"You've come here to live, have you?" said Mr. Parlow slowly.

"Yes, sir. You see, my papa and mamma were lost at sea—with the Duraven. It was a mistake, I guess," sighed the little girl. "for they weren't fighting anybody. But the Duraven got in the way of some ships that were fighting. In a place called the Mediterranean ocean, and the Duraven was sunk and only a few folks were saved from it. My papa and mamma weren't saved."

"So?" said the carpenter, pushing his big spectacles up to his forehead. "I read about it. Too bad—too mighty bad! I remember Hannah Stagg," he added, winking his eyes. Carolyn May thought, a good deal as Prince did. "You look like her."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Dinner Stories**

"How's work among the savages?" asked the church member.

"All right. But in sending us food supplies I wish you wouldn't send

any more sausages in strings," said the missionary who's home on a furlough.

"Why not?"

"They won't eat anything they can wear around the necks."

An elderly person, in neat but somewhat threadbare clothing, entered a fashionable restaurant and ordered an expensive but dishonouring dinner, with a bottle of wine and a good cigar to follow.

When he had finished he intimated to the waiter that he wished to speak to the manager. Promptly the manager came.

"I trust everything has been satisfactory," he inquired.

"Everything," stated the older man, "has been quite satisfactory. I was, however, of another matter I wished to speak to you. Do you perhaps recall that about a year ago a man well known in the prime of life came in here and ordered such a meal as the one I have just enjoyed and when he finished he told you that he had no money with which to pay the bill, and you called two of your assistants and had that old gentleman thrown bodily into the street?"

"Yes," stated the manager, regretfully. "I recall the incident very distinctly. I am sorry that it should have happened, but we have to protect ourselves against imposition. Nevertheless, I confess that the thing was a disconcerting one."

"But why do you speak of it now?"

"Because"—and here the venerable person rose—"because"—his tone was soft and low—"because, my dear sir, I'm afraid I shall have to trouble you again."

**COOKSVILLE**

Cooksville, Sept. 9.—An airplane went over our village Friday and several of our people saw it.

A small party took dinner at the "House Next Door" last Saturday.

Everybody worked Sunday in tobacco. Help is so hard to get that women are working as well as the men.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Tinn was run over by a team last Saturday. It was feared at first that her ankle was broken, but it was only badly hurt. She cannot walk on it for a while. She was playing in the road and did not see the load of tobacco coming.

Mrs. Agnes Robertson received the sad news Sunday morning that her brother Will had just died in Mercy hospital. He was not expected to live.

Mrs. Grace Miller and daughter Doris and Miss Gale came over from near Milton Saturday afternoon in their auto and called at Mrs. Savage's. Mrs. Katherine Miller's and Mrs. Ella Miller's homes, incidentally leaving a few melons at each place. Miss Doris is a fine chauffeur.

Quite a number of autos were on the road here Sunday.

Miss Ella Morgan went to Evansville Monday morning to make the trip to Racine with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Atkinson to visit their son and nephew, Bernice Morgan. They went by auto.

Ruth Miller took the first baby's prize at the fair also June Porter took a prize.

Mr. Warner took some prizes on runs at the fair.

Rockwood and Alden Porter took quite an amount in prizes on garden vegetables and flowers.

**Tales of the Friendly Forest**

Did you ever see a rooster a-raking with a rake?

If you haven't, let me tell you, it's a very funny sight.

He'll stop to crow a million times and then he'll want to fight.

And that, of course, you know's a great mistake.

And that's just what happened the next day when the old Red Rooster came up to see Uncle Lucky, after reading the advertisement in the Sunnyville "Gazette."

"Are you sure you know how to handle a rake?" asked the old gentleman rabbit, and of course the old Red Rooster said he did. So kind Uncle Lucky took him out to the toolhouse and gave him a long wooden rake and then he took him back to the front lawn. "There are plenty of leaves," said Uncle Lucky. "Take them up into big pile and

we'll have a bonfire tonight, and maybe we'll roast some sweet potatoes and apples."

"Hurrah!" said the old Red Rooster, and he began to crow.

"Hurry up," said Uncle Lucky. And then the old rooster started to, and by and by he had a little pile not higher than his knee. Wasn't he a slow old worker. Well, I just guess he was. And the reason he didn't rake more leaves was because he'd stand half the time leaning on the rake handle watching the automobiles go by. And of course when each lumber came out to see how things were going, he was disappointed. And I guess he was angry, too, for he took the rake away from the old Red Rooster and put it away in the toolhouse.

And then the old rooster got dreadfully angry and he ran at Uncle Lucky and stuck his spurs into him. And he flapped his wings and crowed more leaves, was because he'd stand half the time leaning on the rake handle watching the automobiles go by. And of course when each lumber came out to see how things were going, he was disappointed. And I guess he was angry, too, for he took the rake away from the old Red Rooster and put it away in the toolhouse.

All of a sudden Robber Hawk flew

**Calcerbs**

FOR WEAK LUNGS

For throat troubles that threaten to become chronic, this Calcerbs compound will be found effective. The handling form yet devised. Free from harmful or habit-forming drugs. Try them today.

50 cents a box, including war tax.

For sale by all druggists.

Edman Laboratory, Philadelphia

down from the sky, and before that old Red Rooster knew what was the matter he was snatched up by that old Robber Hawk and carried away. And if he hadn't let go of the door-knob on the old toolhouse floor, I guess it would have come off its hinges and cost dear, kind Uncle Lucky a lot of money to have it fixed.

"Well, well," said the old gentleman rabbit, "I guess that's the last of him," but it wasn't. And some day I'll tell you how that old Red Rooster got away from Robber Hawk.

For he was a very tough old fowl. Was that lazy, old Red Rooster. And he'd always shirk whenever he'd work.

For to any kind of work he wasn't used to.

So remember, if you please, if you have a lot of leaves.

To take my hired man, whose name is Brewster.

**NORTH JOHNSTOWN**

North Johnstown, Sept. 9.—Mrs. Elizabeth Malone received a telegraph message of the serious illness of her brother, William McKenna, in Cadillac, Michigan. She left for there last Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Brown of Detroit spent the week end with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Panning, in Cadillac, Michigan.

Threshing is completed in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Hugh Fanning held the lucky number that drew the Red Cross, which was donated for the Red Cross.

George Dwan has rented the Ran farm formerly known as the Conolly farm, for the coming year.

Many have attended the funeral of Michael Dorr which was held last Thursday in Whitewater.

Miss Margaret Moorehead of Chicago and Miss Helen Brady of Lima are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Panning and family.

Mrs. John Malone and Miss Julia Pierce spent last Tuesday evening at the home of Wm. Costigan in Har- mony.

Mrs. J. T. Powell and sons spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Pierce and family.

Mrs. William Malone and Miss Julia Pierce were Jamesville shoppers Saturday.

Mrs. John Malone and Miss Julia Pierce spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Menz in Milton.

Thomas Redman is employed with John McNally in Harmony.

The Misses Helen and Mary Panning have returned home from a visit at the home of their aunt, Mrs. James Kennett in Harmony.

**TOO WEAK TO FIGHT**

The "Come-back" man was really never down-and-out. His weakened condition because of overwork, lack of exercise, improper eating and living demands stimulation to satisfy the cry for a health-giving appetite and the refreshing sleep essential to strength. GOLD MEDAL, Haarlem, Holland, will do the work. They are wonderful. Three of these capsules each day will put a man on his feet before he knows it; whether his trouble comes from life and poisoning, the kidneys, stomach, or other ailments that befall the overzealous American. Don't wait until you are entirely down-and-out, but take them today. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if they do not help you. Accept no substitutes. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box, three sizes. They are the pure, original, imported Haarlem Oil Capsules.

**TORMENTED BY TERRIBLE ITCHING**

On Forehead and Scalp. Suffered Very Much. Skin Inflamed and Sore.

Healed By Three Cakes of Cuticura Soap and Three Boxes Cuticura Ointment.

"After an attack of typhoid fever I retained an irritation of the forehead and scalp. Day and night I was tormented by a terrible itching and I suffered very much from a rash. The skin was inflamed and sore and the itching was so intense that I scratched and irritated the affected parts."

"My wife advised me to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using three cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed."

(Signed) Herman F. Sonntag, R. D., Dorsey, Ill.

If your skin is already healthy and clear keep it so by using Cuticura Soap for toilet purposes assisted by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal any tendency to itching, redness or roughness of the skin or scalp.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. R, Boston, 50c everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. and 50c.

A Thrilling New Story  
By Edwin Balmer

**RUTH OF THE U.S.A.**

Starts IN NEXT SUNDAY'S  
**CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE**

L. D. BARKER, Wholesale Distributor Chicago Tribune  
Phone 847 Red. Main and Milwaukee Streets

**NO ICE DELIVERY THURSDAY**

On account of Registration Day Thursday, Sept. 12th there will be no ice deliveries to the residence sections of the city on that day. Housekeepers should look to their ice supply carefully on Wednesday and thus avoid possible shortage.

**CITY ICE COMPANY**

**When you know**

you have a heart, it is time to watch your stomach. Palpitation and other signs of "heart trouble" usually mean—indigestion, produced by food poisons that irritate every part of the body—heart included.

**BEEHIVE'S PILLS**

**Relieve and Benefit**

Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World.  
Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c, 25c.







CAPTAIN NUZUM SENDS  
OUT FIRST CALL FOR  
FOOTBALL CANDIDATES

First call for football players for the local high school was issued yesterday, when Captain Thomas Nuzum made his first request for men. Over thirty candidates turned out for practice yesterday at the fourth ward park, and under the direction of Mr. Zimmerman and Captain Nuzum went through the first steps in learning the rudiments of the game. A number of veterans are back this year, including Marvin, Black, Powers, Host, Dugan and Philey.

There are also several stars out from last year's class teams who are expected to give the older men a hard run for their places. The local team has suffered the loss of nine men, either from graduation or leaving school, but with seven old men to form the nucleus it is expected that a splendid team will result from the work of the coaches. Practice will be held every night in the near future.

## Sport Snap Shots

MORRIS MILLER

Not all the baseball stars are in the world's series of course. Among those not appearing in the October classic are:

By Cobb, premier batter of the American league, king of the National league.

Scott Perry of the Athletics, over whom the National and American leagues clashed and whose case for a time threatened to cause a baseball war.

Johnny Rivers, for which fact the umpire gives thanks.

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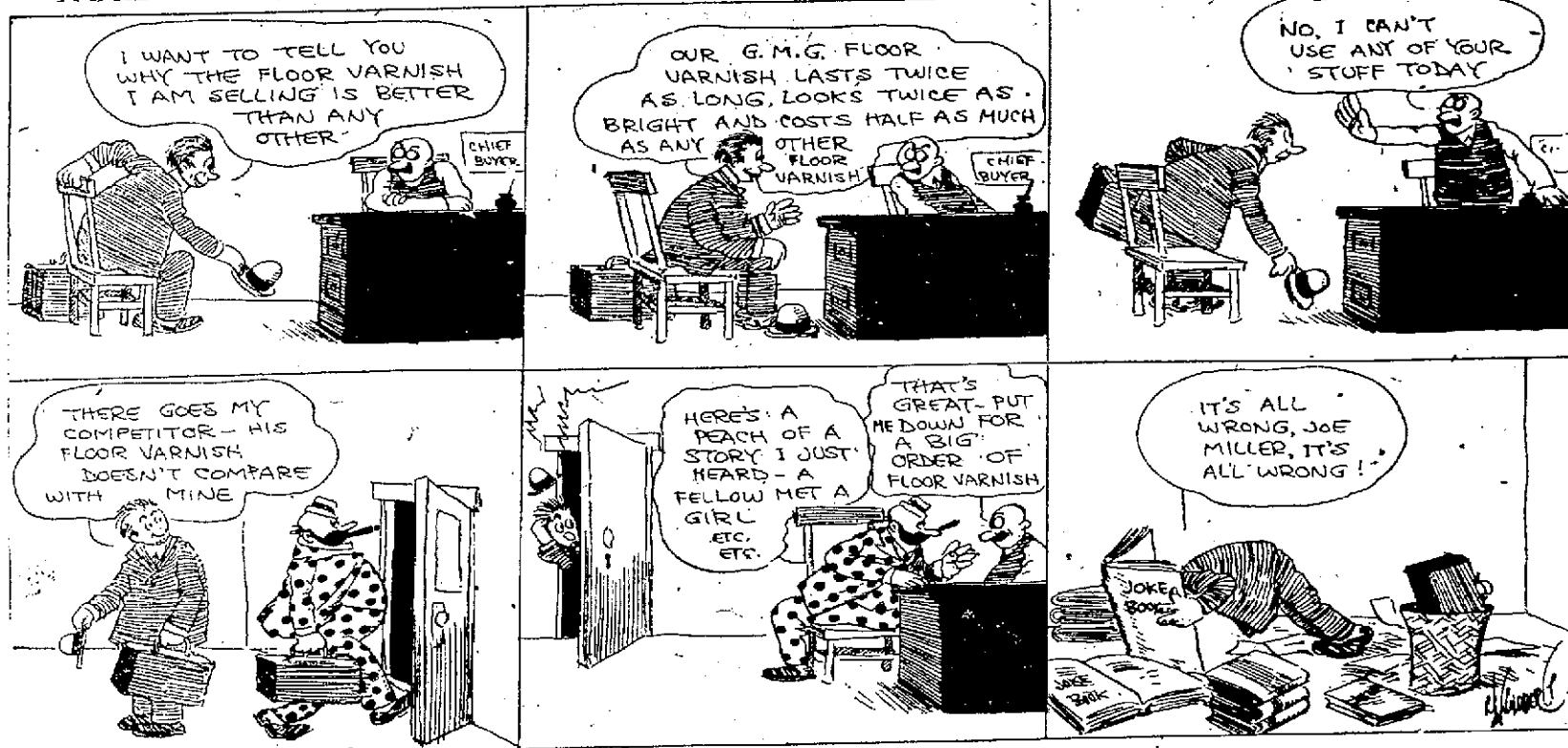
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## IT'S ALL WRONG, JOE MILLER, IT'S ALL WRONG.



## WALWORTH

Walworth, Sept. 9.—T. A. Marshall of Harvard, Ill., sold the residence property in Glenwood Springs, that he recently purchased of Mrs. Hattie B. Hunt, to R. J. Kitteridge of Evanston, Ill., the sale was made through R. A. Nugent.

Mrs. Prank Collins of Williams Bay was calling in town on Saturday afternoon.

Miss Laura Neiman was home for the week-end from teaching in the Wisconsin State Fair.

Many from here attended the Milwaukee State Fair.

Mrs. Mary Leedle is visiting Mrs. Chase, Scott, in Ladysmith, Mich.

Hugh Whitford attended the Harvest Festival in Milton, this week, and also plays in the band.

Mrs. Leslie Crandall and son, William, of Lake Geneva, Mich., are expected home this week, for a visit at the home of her husband, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crandall.

Miss Pearl Bilyra of Janesville, spent the week-end at her home.

Mrs. Alice Holston is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. W. Phelps.

Fred Wyse and family and M. J. Clark and family, took an auto trip to Elkhorn, Thursday, to see the soldier boys leave.

Clarence Bilyra spent Sunday at his farm east of town.

Jesse Hand of Lake Geneva, spent Sunday in Walworth, visiting friends.

Mrs. Merridith is nursing again at the W. H. Clappison home as Mrs. Clappison is ill again.

Miss Evelyn Stars was in town on Monday shopping and greeting some friends before she leaves for Chicago.

Mrs. W. H. Van Lye returned Sunday from a visit in Chicago.

Mrs. W. L. Seaver is the new correspondent for the Walworth Times and the Delavan Republican.

Miss Minnie Godfrey will soon leave for Foulke, Neb., to teach school.

The Misses Erving and Porter, were Chicago shoppers, Saturday.

Mrs. Goodrich of La Crosse, Wis., is a guest at the O. P. Tainter home.

Mrs. Kate Podman has gone east to visit in New York and Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cooper, Miss Bernice and family, spent Monday in Chicago, in attendance at the War exposition.

Howard and Raymond Albrecht, of Marquette, were guests at the W. L. Seaver home, and on Monday, W. L. Seaver and sons, Dyer and William and Howard and Raymond Albrecht went to Chicago, to attend the war exposition.

George Green of Boulder, Colo., is in Walworth, coming to attend the Walworth County Fair.

R. E. Green is working in Libertyville, Ill.

George Madden, mail carrier, has been called to Kansas City, to the colors, and Joe Binstock is looking after his mail route.

The Gazette is for sale in Walworth at Booth's Drug Store.

DELAVAN

Delavan, Sept. 9.—Mrs. Bridget Kenney from Milwaukee, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harry Mullens, for a few days.

Mrs. Neola Pizer from Darien, was a Sunday visitor, here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe McCabe have returned from a couple of weeks' vacation, which they spent at Delavan Lake.

Frank Miller, one of the first of the boys that enlisted from Delavan, and who has spent several months in France, returned Saturday night, his duties in this country have not been assigned to him.

Mrs. H. Thorpe of Darien, was a Delavan caller, Sunday.

Mrs. S. Minshall and granddaughter Noomi Carter, returned from a visit at Des Moines, Iowa, where they spent several weeks.

Miss Nellie Schick returned to her home in Detroit, Mich., after spending a couple of weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Winters.

## Milton Junction

Milton Junction, Wis., Sept. 10.—Three or four autos appeared on the streets Sunday morning and they were decorated with yellow streamers and sent home.

Mr. and Mrs. Wenslaf are on the sick list.

Miss Jessie Craig of Milland, S. D., is here for a visit with her sisters, Misses Eliza and Emma Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Williams are home from their summer trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Thorpe received a letter from their son Ben, who is with an engineer corps in France, that he is recovering from an attack of Spanish fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Alice Shuman were Madison visitors Monday.

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## Langworthy of Vernal avenue.

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Mrs. W. J. Stockman is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. L. Miller at Lake Koshkonong.

Frank Allen of North Loup, Neb., is here to remain at the A. B. West home until called by the draft.

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They will earn uniforms, something akin to the "white wings" worn by men in pre-war days, as soon as they prove their capability. On the streets, in the retail shopping district, pedestrians good naturedly urged them to "be careful." All the women worked diligently, crooning southern melodies as they proceeded.

They came in many garbs, one wearing a new suit of overalls a man's hat and hob-nailed shoes.

Superintendent Charles Oestreich of the street cleaning department said the experiment, if successful, will solve an important labor shortage problem.

Difficult. Indignant Professor—"Quit this quibbling, sir! Who was King Henry VIII? Answer 'yes' or 'no'!"—Pennysylvania Punch Bowl.

Read the want ads.

NEGRO WOMEN SWEEP STREETS IN LOUISVILLE

[BY ASSOCIATED PRESS.] Louisville, Ky., Sept. 10.—Handling the street broom with almost as much confidence as they ever flaked dust in the home of a "missus", twenty-eight negro women have appeared as official street cleaners in Louisville. They receive \$2 a day for nine hours and a half, and each cares for a territory eight blocks square.

Where Quality Is Best

J.M. BOSTWICK & SONS.

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

Where Styles Are Newest

## A Wonderful Array of New Blouses For Fall Wear



The excellent qualities and lovely styles of these new Fall Blouses will attract you, while their exceeding reasonable prices will prove irresistible.

Every Blouse is a distinctive model made up in the very latest style. The materials are Fancy Tub Silks, Wash Satins, Georgette Crepe, Crepe de Chine, Voiles, Organdies, etc.



Fancy Stripe Blouses made of Tub Silk, Wash Satins, etc., beautiful assortment of patterns to select from, priced at... \$2.50 to \$6.50

Beautiful Dark Silk Suit Blouses, in stripes and plaids, priced at... \$4.75 to \$6.50

Georgette Crepe Blouses, exceptionally dressy and attractive styles in, Flesh, White, Maize, Grey, Taupe, Bisque, etc., in Plain, Tucked, Embroidered and Lace

trimmed styles; high and low neck, prices range from... \$4.75 to \$13.50

Crepe de Chine Blouses, handsome models to select from in White, Flesh, Maize, Grey, Navy and Black, Plain tucked, Embroidered and Beaded styles, priced at... \$4.75 to \$6.00

Lingerie Blouses in Voile, Lawn, Organdy, Batiste, etc. High and low neck style, embroidered, Lace trimmed, etc. Beautiful assortment to select from \$1.00 to \$10

## MIDDY BLOUSES

We handle the celebrated Mendel's and Paul Jones Middy Blouses, every style is perfect fitting and the workmanship is superior to any other makes.

Middy Blouses in Plain White and White with colored collar and cuffs, at... \$2.25, \$2.75 AND \$3.00

Girls' Smocks in Pink, Green, Lavender, Blue, Old Rose, etc., at... \$2.50 TO \$3.75



## Warm, Comfortable House Dresses

A Warm, Fleecy Bath or Lounging Robe, Made of the Finest Fleecy Wool Nap Beacon Blanket Cloth.

Women's Beacon Bath Robes in attractive designs, cut full and loose and full length, nicely trimmed to harmonize; all sizes; prices range from... \$5.00 TO \$9.00

Women's Corduroy Bath Robes, colors: Copenhagen, Rose and Wisteria, at... \$10 TO \$15

Misses' Beacon Blanket Bath Robes, at... \$4.75

Children's Beacon Blanket Bath Robes at... \$3.00 TO \$4.50

SOUTH ROOM



You can still get Real Gravely Chewing Plug for 10c a pouch. It gives you more solid tobacco comfort than ordinary plug. Tastes better—lasts longer.

Peyton Brand Real Gravely Chewing Plug 10c a pouch—and worth it

Gravely lasts so much longer it costs no more to chew than ordinary plug

P. B. Gravely Tobacco Company, Danville, Virginia

